

A pleasant Song of the valiant Deeds of Chivalry, atchieved by  
 noble Knight. Sir Guy of Warwick, who, for the love of fair Phelis, became  
 a Hermite and hid in a Cave of a craggie Rock, a mile distant from Warwick.  
 To the tune of, *Was ever man?*



Was ever Knight, for Ladies sake,  
 so lost in love as Sir Guy?  
 For Phelis faire, that Lady Bright,  
 as ever man beheld with eye.  
 She gave me leave my selfe to try  
 the valiant Knights with shieldes a spear,  
 Ere that her love she would grant me,  
 which made me venturice fat and near.

The proud Sir Guy, a Warron bold,  
 in deeds of armes the doubtiest Knight  
 That man y dairies in England was  
 with sword and spear in field to fight.  
 An English man I was by birth,  
 in Faith of Christ a Christian true:  
 The wocked lawes of Indels.  
 I fought by power to subdue:

One hundred twenty years and odd  
 after our Saviour Christ his birth,  
 when King Heritone wore the Crown,  
 I lived here up in the earth,  
 Some time I was of Warwick Earls  
 as I fed in herre turb.  
 A Ladies love did me constrain  
 to seek strange ventures in my youth

To try my fame by feats of Armes,  
 in strange and sundry Heathen lands,  
 Where I atchieved for her sake,  
 right dangerous conquests with my hands:  
 For first I sailes to Normandy,  
 and there I strokly won in fight  
 The Emperors daughter of Almany.  
 From many a valiant worthy Knight,

Then passed I the Seas of Greece,  
 to help the Gaperes to his right;  
 Against the mighty Soldan's host  
 of puissant Persia us for to fight.  
 Where I did slay of Sarazens  
 and Heathen Pagans many a man:  
 And slew the Soldan's Cousin dear,  
 who had no name, doughty Colbran.

Eskeldred, that famous Knight,  
 to death like wise I did pursue:  
 And Almain King of Tyre also,  
 most terrible too in fighte to view.  
 I went into the Soldan's host,  
 beeing thither on Ambassage sent;  
 And brougught away his head with me,  
 I having slain him in his Tent.

There was a Dragon  
 which al the day  
 As he a Lyon did put  
 most fiercely met.  
 From thence I pass'd  
 and came to Pavie Land  
 Where I the Duke of  
 his hainous treason

And after came unto  
 towards fair Phelis  
 For love of him selfe  
 to try my man-hood a  
 But when I had esp  
 I staid with her but  
 But there I lef this  
 and went beyond the

All clad in grome in  
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 Unto that blest holy  
 for Jesus Christ my sa  
 Where I sawe Jonas  
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 With the cruel  
 in prison for long time

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 in battell fiercely hand  
 And doughty Bartard  
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3 a Dragon in the Land,  
also I my selfe entred  
on his purvey  
by me, in by the Land,  
I paid the leas or fee,  
to Pavv Land a knyght,  
the Duke of Pavv wold  
a treason to requite.

me unto the Land,  
at Phelis Lat y bright  
of h[er] home I traveld far,  
man-hood and my might.  
I had espoused her,  
th her but forty daves,  
He is this Lady fair,  
eynd the seas.

gt; in Pilgrim sojourn,  
from her I old late,  
scattered h[er] Land,  
that my labours fay,  
art Jonas did it deam,  
for his which were fifteen,  
the cruel S[aint] Helens,  
y long time had been-

ant Amaran.  
ierrele hand to hand:  
y Ercard killed I,  
Dane at that same Lands  
England came againe.  
ith Colban fel I fought,  
as I wlich the Danes  
y champion wchther brought.

I overcame him in the field,  
and slew him deao right valiantly  
Wher I the Land did then redeeme,  
from Daniss tribute utterly.  
And afterwards I offered up  
the use of weapons solemnly,  
At Winchester, whereas I fought,  
in sight of many far and nre.

In Windsor Forest I did slay,  
a Boar of passing might and strength,  
The like in England never was.  
for his bones both in breadth and legh,  
Some of his bones in Warwick yre,  
within the Castle there do lie:  
One of his shield bones to this day  
hangs in the City of Coventry.

On Dunmore Heath I also slew,  
a monstorous wilde and cruel beast,  
Call'd, The Dun-cow of Dunsinore-heath,  
which many people had oppress:  
Some of her bones in Warwick yet,  
still for a monument do lie;  
A Which unto every lookers biew,  
as wondrous strange the ympe espie.

Another Dragon in the Land,  
I also did in fight destroy,  
A which did both men and beast oppresse,  
and all the Country soye annoy.  
And then to Warwick came again,  
like Pilgrim poore, and was not knownen:  
And there I liv'd an Hermite's life,  
a mile and more out of the Town.

Wher with my hands I hew'd a house  
out of the craggy Rock of stone;  
And lived like a Palmer poore,  
within that Cave my selfe a lone;  
And dauly came to beg my food,  
of Phelis at my Castle Gate,  
Not knownen unto my loving wife,  
who mourned daily for her mate.

Till at the last I fell soye sick,  
yea sic: so soye, that I must die:  
I sent to her a King of Gold,  
by which she knew me presently.  
Then she repaying to the Cave,  
before that I gave up the Ghost;  
Her selfe up clos'd my dying eyes;  
my Phelis fair, whom I love most.

Thus dreadfull death did me arrest,  
to bring my corps unto the Grade;  
And like a Palmer died I,  
whereby I sought my life to save  
My body in Warwick yet doth lie,  
though now it be consumed to mold  
My statue were graven in stane  
this present day you may behold.

F I N I S.



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